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ELEGY,

Occasion'd by the Death o' the Revd. Mess *Alexander Sinclare*, wha Departed this Warld the *First* Day o' *Appril*, 1722.

K Sinclair

THEIR Harts mun be as hard as Stean,
That wonnet Rift, and Greet and Grean,
For Reverand *Saney* Deed and gean:
He was a Preecher o'th' Word,
And mickle Comfort cou'd afford,
To Searry Sinners; on Condition, (on
They shew'd gud signs o' true Contriti-
He had, unless the *Synod* Lees,
As gud a right to keep the Kees
As ony Priest beneath the *Lift*,
Fre Pepe o' *Room*, too Parson *S——ft*;
Or fre A d Fether *Lin*, *—de—ye——see*,
Too fooleſh Flogging *Punn——sibee*.
Besides the Kees to Stik an' Open,
He was equipp'd, the mere betoken,
Wee *Peeters Slachy* in his Belt,
Wha's Rankor many a Wretch has felt,
For he therewith would slash a Sinner,
As Cooks do Collops for year Dinner:
But these some think were Clitter-Clatters,
And that the Man ken'd other Matters.
He a Successor? He a Priest?
It gars me Lagh--- 'Tis sike a Jeest!
He was ne mete like yen o' These,
Either in his *Carkass* or his *Clese*;
Than *Heelan Runt's* like *English Heffer*,
Or Wrinkl'd *Bo-se* like Rosey *Tasver*.
Had he a true Successor been,
Whar was his spreeding Double Chin?
Or Belly till his Thrapple Foo?
Or Riggin thick'd with fineſt Woo?
A Coach to loll in at his Ease?
Or Foolk before him on their Knees?
Or sooth of Walth? Or warldly Geer?
Besides some Thusand Puns a Year:
What Proofs like thir cou'd *Saney* show,
That he was *Orthordox* or no?
Had he been lineally descended,
Fre *Paul*, or *Peter*, as pretended,
He had a been beth Sleek and Plump,
As Fat as ony *Otters* Rump!
His *Nose* and *Gills* a Crimson Hue;
His *Cheeks* between a *Red* and *Blue*!

But ne sick Signs of his *True Mission*;
Appear'd, een by his Freends Confession.
Yet there be money weel I wot,
That fancy he held forth by Rote,
As weel as they that do't by Note:
He mun be own'd, when a is doon,
His *Hadding forth* was too some *Tune*;
But he ne'er sang his Prayers I trow,
As merry Sinners use to do;
He was ne gud at that a va,
Nor learn'd t' Beg wee, *Fa, lal, la.*
He was ne dumb Dog; de ye mark?
For why, he cou'd beth *Bite* an *Bark*;
And watch'd his Flock, as mony say,
Right weel fre Thieves an Beests o Prey
Restoring sike as ged astray:
Was weel content wee what they gave him,
But never sought to Fleece or Flay them
He Pray'd as lang as he was able,
The Doonsa o' th' Whore o' *Babel*,
And a' the *Antichristian Rabble*.
Wee *Mahomet*, that vile Impostor,
And a' that say their *Pater Noster*;
In Language that they dina Ken,
And Worship Deels and Wicked Men.
But wish'd lang life and Consolation,
To aw true Sons o' *Reformation*;
But meste of a, (if I Remember,)
To the Kirk o'whilk he was a Member
And nene could bleam him I protest,
Since he believ'd it was the best,
But that's what I shall not contest,
Be't right or wrang, he tuke great Pains,
And labour'd hard for little Gains;
A Thing een rare in this our Day,
When the first Motive is, the PAY,
As Canting *Presbyterians* say.

But 'tis now time here to percloſe,
And leave the Dead to his Repoſe;
Wiſhing we Mortals wha Survive,
May Watch and Pray, while we'er alive
Becauſe it's paſt a Human Pour,
To ken, or to prolong Deaths fatal Hour.